

Chatting



Shirley Hughes



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I like chatting.



I chat to the cat,



and I chat in the car.



I chat with friends in the park,



and with the lady at the supermarket.





Grown-ups like chatting too.





Sometimes these chats go on
for a very long time.

The lady next door is
an especially good chatter.







When Mom is busy she says that there are just too many chatterboxes around.

So I go off and chat to Bemily—
but she never says a word.





The baby likes
a chat on his
toy telephone.



He makes
a lot of calls.



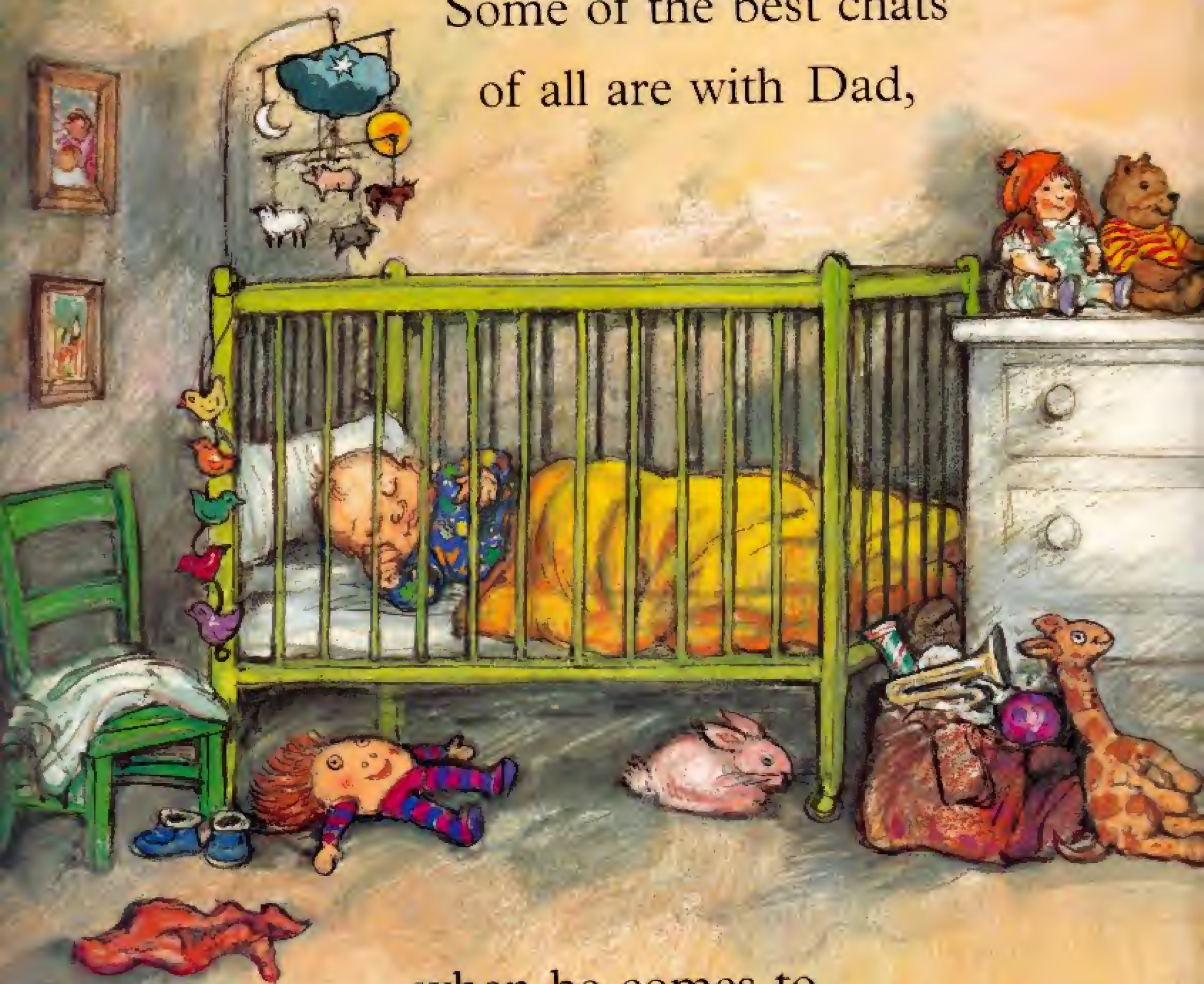
But I can chat
with Grandma

and Grandpa

on the real
telephone.



Some of the best chats
of all are with Dad,



when he comes to
say good night.





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